

THE FORBIDDEN YEARS

by
WADSWORTH CAMP

The argument went on. Barbara thought Gray was at the point of defeat. He laughed impatiently.

"Isn't the whole thing fundamentally your fault, Doctor dear?"

Barbara could fancy Dr. Morris' denial.

"But it is," Gray insisted, "because you brought me into the world. So you owe it to me to put this right."

After a moment he hung up, sighing, mopping his face.

"Old brick's coming, although he suggested he did suggest that Father and Mother were a trifle more fundamentally responsible than he for bringing this precious morsel into the world. Heigh-ho! That's done, and you need something to brace you, Barbara. Any pre-war hemlock in the house?"

Faintly she said that there wasn't. She tried to thank him.

"It was good of you, Gray. I know how hard it must have been to ask Dr. Morris."

Gray slapped his hip futilely.

"Any modified murder in your overalls, Masters?"

Harvey shook his head.

"She ought to have something."

Gray stared down at Barbara. The dread was in his eyes again.

"You're too white Barbara. Don't look like that. You frighten me."

"It's nothing."

"I could shake up a pot of coffee or tea."

"There isn't any of either, Gray."

He tried to laugh.

"Then fetch her a hooker of bracing top water, Masters."

Alarmed he called after Harvey.

"And hurry it."

He knelt beside Barbara, and grasped her shoulders. There was no resistance, no response. He snatched the glass from Harvey, held it to Barbara's lips, dabbed his handkerchief in the water, awkwardly bathed her temples.

Harvey strained forward.

"Has she fainted?"

Gray went on with his inefficient ministrations.

"I hope that's all. Gad! What a brotherly love I've got for you!"

Harvey grasped Gray's shoulder.

"Just the same, Manvel, I want you to get one thing clear before she comes to. I heard enough of what you said to justify me for trying to use the knife on you. I'm sorry for what I did to her; that can't ever be undone; but I'll stop at nothing to beat you. At the start I want you to understand that I haven't the smallest intention of leaving you here with her tonight. When you go I go, not a second before."

His voice was low and factually earnest, yet Gray didn't seem to hear him.

"Get more water. Oughtn't she be coming out of it?"

After he had refilled the glass Harvey persisted in his deadly serious way.

"I won't leave you alone with her. I'll never leave you alone with her."

Barbara stirred and opened her eyes.

"I'm ashamed."

Gray soothed her.

"Keep quiet until the doctor comes."

Dr. Morris, when Harvey let him in, looked disapprovingly from one to another.

"Don't tell me who was responsible for this—accident. I haven't the slightest curiosity."

He went to Barbara.

"I thought you'd had enough experience, Miss Norcross, not to play with dynamite."

"Please don't scold, Doctor." Harvey spoke gruffly.

"My fault."

The doctor shook a finger at him.

"Quite! I won't be told how it happened."

Competently he went about his work. When he had finished with the bandage he patted Barbara's cheek.

"I dare say you'll be all right, but you'll have to carry your arm in a sling for a few days."

Barbara rebelled.

"You're forgetting my work."

"My dear girl, I'm a physician, not a miserly stranger. You'll have to play with your arm trussed up, or not at all."

How would she account for her injury to Hackey and Rulon, and with a sinking heart she remembered that she couldn't put Rulon off again; to-morrow night he meant to come to an understanding with her. She grasped Dr. Morris's hand.

"It was dear of you to come."

Through the doctor's severity she caught the indulgent twinkling.

"It's been twice Miss Norcross. Don't count on me a third time. If an old man may offer advice avoid a third time. You've been lucky so far. Drop in my office towards evening to-morrow, and I'll change the bandage."

Gray wanted to know if she ought to be left alone, if she oughtn't to have a nurse, but the doctor humored her plea that she was perfectly fit to look after herself.

"Provided you avoid bad company," he added dryly.

And he refused to let Gray thank him. At the door he placed his hand on Gray's shoulder.

"I needn't point out to you the simplest way to express your gratitude."

He closed the door with just the smallest suggestion of slamming it.

Patently Gray had absorbed Harvey's pronouncement.

"We follow like scared rabbits, Masters. She's got to have rest if she's to carry on to-morrow."

Barbara looked warily from one to the other.

"You'll both promise to go straight home? You'll both swear there'll be no more trouble to-night?"

Gray raised his right hand, and tried to laugh, but his voice was sullen.

"You can trust me, Barbara. I swear."

Harvey's head jerked an assent, but it was not convincing.

"I'll see how you are to-morrow," Gray said.

He barely touched her hand. He, too, was wary of Harvey. On the sidewalk, indeed, Harvey threatened again with his quiet, determined manner.

"You'll not see her to-morrow."

Gray managed to keep his temper.

"Get on to yourself, man," Harvey smiled.

"I am. I don't want you to go near her until she's straightened out her perspective that you've twisted out of all shape."

Gray's mouth curled in a sneer.

erally Bureau of Agricultural Economics.

Forty life insurance companies had outstanding a total of \$1,533,000,000 farm mortgage loans, as compared to \$1,618,000,000 at the close of 1927. Farm mortgage loans by federal land banks, outstanding at the end of October, aggregated \$1,171,000,000 as compared to \$1,197,000,000 at the end of 1927.

YE THAT LOVE THE LORD

Thou, Lord, art high above all the earth: thou art exalted far above all gods. Ye that love the Lord, hate evil: he preserveth the

souls of his saints: he delivereth them out of the hand of the wicked. Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart. Rejoice in the Lord, Ye righteous: and give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness.—Psalms xvii, 9 to 12.

Good Business.

"What does your father do when one of his horses is ill?"

"Do you mean just 'inwell or very ill?'"

"Very ill. Why do you ask?"

"When a horse is just unwell, dad gives it medicine, but when it is very ill, he sells it."

Steve drawled, "he'd much better have stayed away."

Gray nodded.

"You're undoubtedly right, but just the same, Father Christmas, I'm damned glad I did go."

Esther stretched out an appealing hand.

"Instead of being cruel to little Esther, mightn't you give us your news, darling?"

Gray had an air of bracing himself.

"All right. The first scare-head is that you don't love me, Esther."

She sprang up. One could tell that she was angry only from a slight trembling of her shoulders. Gray rushed on inexorably:

"If you really loved me you wouldn't keep thumbing your nose at the whole business."

Steve bent forward.

"You haven't quite proved your point, Gray. You're forgetting that our little Esther has her—shall we say peculiarities of behavior?"

"I'm forgetting nothing."

Even the slight shaking of Esther's shoulders had ceased. She had never more closely resembled superbly modeled clay; except for her eyes. In them lurked reflection and the capability of action.

"Why else should I care to marry you, Gray?"

Gray grunted.

"Hanged if I know, but I do know that the reason isn't love. See here. We're not wearing hoop skirts and pleated coats. The whole thing's been a ghastly mistake, and we might's well face it. You don't give a hang for me as those things go."

Steve rested his chin on his hands, knotted over the cane.

"I must remind you again, Gray, of a cloak woven from colorful threads called mannerisms; and in justice to all I must point out that what you're really trying to say is that you don't give a hang for Esther as those things go."

Gray clapped his hands together.

"Put it anyway you please, but let's own up we've been mistaken, and make an end of it."

Steve started to speak, but Esther wouldn't let him.

"Don't make him angry, Steve. Of course he's quite mad, but we mustn't on any account make him angry."

Her lips barely moved. In her rigidity she seemed a personification of unconquerable will.

"I don't care to put an end to it, Gray, and I don't mean to."

Her lips, making apparently a perfectly projected line, nevertheless projected an impression of a smile.

"You're just out of sorts, dear. Your foul humor won't last a good sleep. And you'll grow accustomed to your little Esther, who means to be your handmaiden in all things. I'll see to it, my hero."

Gray spread his hands.

"What did I say? Mannerisms? Mockery?"

"Steve's right," she said sweetly, "just peculiarities of behavior. I'll change them to your liking."

She floated to the table, prepared a drink, returned, and offered it to Gray, without, however, touching him.

"Always your handmaiden, dearest."

He took the glass awkwardly, and she turned with an air of sham amazement to Steve.

"Why do you suppose Gray got that mad idea just now of not wanting to marry little Esther?"

"Riots," Gray growled.

His lips curled.

"Or maybe because I don't want your mysterious friend Essie musing up my wedding."

Esther brokn into sudden laughter.

(To be Continued)

The Bastrop, Tex., high school football team, in its last three games, clinching the regional title, used the same lineup without a single substitution.

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When You CAN'T QUIT

Fatigue is the signal to rest. Obey it if you can. When you can't, keep cool and carry-on in comfort.

Bayer Aspirin was meant for just such times, for it insures your comfort. Freedom from those pains that nag at nerves and wear you down. One tablet will block that threatening headache while it is still just a threat. Take two or three tablets when you've caught a cold, and that's usually the end of it.

Carry Bayer Aspirin when you travel. Have some at home and keep some at the office. Like an efficient secretary, it will often "save the day" and spare you many uncomfortable, unproductive hours. Perfectly harmless, so keep it handy, keep it in mind, and use it. No man of affairs can afford to ignore the score and more of uses explained in the proven directions. From a grumbling tooth to those rheumatic pains which seem almost to bend the bones, Bayer Aspirin is ready with its quick relief—and always works. Neuralgia. Neuritis. Any nagging, needless pain.



Get the genuine tablets, stamped with the Bayer cross. They are of perfect purity, absolute uniformity, and have the same action every time. Why experiment with imitations costing a few cents less? The saving is too little. There is too much at stake. But there is economy in the purchase of genuine Bayer Aspirin tablets in the large bottles.

Double Purpose Served in Odd Statue Designs

On a nobleman's estate in Silesia there is a collection of some of the most curious statues in the world. The statues are carved in Linden wood and are slightly more than life size. They comprise a considerable number of figures, which include the 12 Apostles, a few saints, peasant women and even a figure representing the former lord of the manor, who is seen with his arm linked through that of a soldier comrade.

All of the statues are hollow and each one of them is a beehive, opening in the backs of the figures providing for the entrance and exits of the honey-gathering insects.

The records of the manor show that the first of the wooden statues was put in place in the year 1000.—Philadelphia Record Sunday Magazine.

Sister Only Died

Lady—Was it you or your sister who was so ill?

Child—It was my sister who died, but it was I who was ill.

The old seadogs we read so much about are probably mast-stiffs.

Protect Your Children



Protect your children from those nasty colds that always come when winter is breaking up. Doctors recommend Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil as an effective resistance-builder. Its Vitamin A helps protect children from recurrent colds. And its Vitamin D helps build strong bones and teeth. Youngsters—and grown-ups, too—find this emulsion an easy, pleasant way of taking cod liver oil. Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J. Sales Representative, Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., New York.

Listen to the Scott & Bowne radio program, "Adventuring with Coast von Lechew," on Sunday night (at 12:30 p. m. over the Columbia Coast-to-Coast Network

Scott's Emulsion OF NORWEGIAN COD LIVER OIL

Plays His Bride In

Bridegroom was only one of the roles taken by C. H. S. Parsons, son of Rev. Dawson Parsons of St. James', Sheffield, England, at his own wedding. Acting as organist, he played the bridal march as his bride, Miss Nellie Howarts, entered his father's church. Then he joined her and marched with her to the altar.

Had to Know

Mother was growing tired of answering Junior's numerous questions. "Now be quiet and don't ask so many questions."

"Well, I wouldn't, mother if I knowed."

Arrow-root might be appropriate food for little Cupid.

Stronger than He Was at Twenty



FIFTY-FIVE years old, and still going strong!

Do you want the secret of such vitality? It isn't what you eat, or any tonic you take. It's something anyone can do—something you can start today and see results in a week! All you do is give your vital organs the right stimulant.

A famous doctor discovered the way to stimulate a sluggish system to new energy. It brings fresh vigor to every organ. Being a physician's prescription, it's quite harmless. Tell your druggist you want a bottle of Dr. Caldwell's syrup pepsin. Get the benefit of its fresh laxative herbs, active senna, and that pure pepsin. Get that lazy liver to work. Those stagnant bowels into action. Get rid of waste matter that is slow

poison so long as it is permitted to remain in the system.

The new energy men and women feel before one bottle of Dr. Caldwell's syrup pepsin has been used up is proof of how much the system needs this help.

Get a bottle of this delicious syrup and let it end that constant worry about the condition of the bowels. Spare the children those bilious days that make them miserable. Save your household from the use of cathartics which lead to chronic constipation. And guard against auto-intoxication as you grow older.

Dr. Caldwell's syrup pepsin is such a well known preparation you can get it wherever drugs are sold and it isn't expensive.

Los Angeles Seeks New Name for Gigolos

Los Angeles—(UP)—Los Angeles dancing men—those who kiss and tell—are up in arms because the public refuses to call them anything but "gigolos."

They want to be called "dancing escorts," or "tangoists," or something—not gigolos.

"We admit our business is woman—youth, middle-aged, old. To feminine tangoists we're sold

Steady Decline Reported in Farm Mortgages

Washington — (UP)—A steady, four year decline in farm mortgage loans is reported by the Fed-